

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, December 9, 1865.



"Down he scrambled."—p. 178.

## THE GREY GLEN OF ST. KIERAN'S.

### PART II.

AT five it cleared up. Arthur was engaged to dine that day at Sir John Dubois', who was M.P. for the county and colonel of its regiment of local yeomanry.

VOL. I.

The dinner passed off very heavily; the family, who in general were both lively and literary, seemed stiff and torpid. They had the usual tea and music; and at ten o'clock Arthur took his

leave. In general he was aware that he was a popular man with this nice and cultivated family; but on this occasion he felt he was somewhat *de trop*, and he was glad to get out into the beautiful night. He walked to the stable to get his horse, and while the groom was bridling the animal, a helper came into the next stall, and said—

"What in the name of St. Denis is making the master to be up so early to-morrow? He has ordered the brown cob to be at the door at three in the morning."

"Hold your whisht!" said the groom; "do you not see the gentleman?"

Noting these things, Lighton mounted and rode down the avenue. The night was one of brightest moonlight, and the woods looked so lovely in that silver sheen, that he stopped to gaze, as well as to listen to the voice of the wind among the trees, and also to what seemed to him to be the faint and distant roar of the sea. Suddenly was heard the sound of horsemen advancing up the avenue, and Lighton, for some reason that he never afterwards could account for, withdrew behind a thick plantation till they should pass. A party of dragoon yeomanry now rode up fully equipped, and were halted on the avenue by a large man in a blue coat and red sash. He addressed them thus:—

"Men, you are to quarter here to-night in a wing of the old stables; but every man must be in the saddle at three o'clock, when we start for the mountains. This is a secret expedition—let all keep silence. Now forward—get on the grass and go quietly—march—trot!"

And as they passed on, Lighton emerged from the shadow of the trees. He had recognised in the leader of the band Major S—, the active town major of Dublin, and a notorious hunter up and apprehender of all rebels, traitors, and evildoers. The thing was now patent, and Lighton saw it all as in a glass. These men were going to apprehend the wounded man—Miss Darsie's lover.

"It must not—it shall not be, if I can prevent it," said Lighton, as he formed the generous resolve of at once endeavouring to acquaint the concealed party with the imminency of his danger. "True, he may be a traitor to his king and a rebel; but no—no! one loved by Miss Darsie could not be a very bad man, although he might be unfortunate; he is my happy and successful rival; but he is dear to her and, therefore, ought to be saved."

So he pushed his horse into a hard gallop, and in about half an hour found himself at the little gate which opened on the sheepwalks of the Castle Kieran Mountain. Here was a blacksmith's shop, and an open shed or cart-house, in which Arthur tied up his horse, and then went up the hill on foot, and soon reached the upper pond. Here, on

looking down, he saw the whole glen flooded with white light; the rocks and stones silvered with the beauty of the planet, which was riding in the fullness of her orb right over the gorge. But how to get down was now the question; Arthur would risk any danger where the happiness of Miss Darsie was concerned. In fact, there *was* a way, rough, awkward, and precipitous, but still practicable; it was an old gully or watercourse which had always carried off the overflow of the upper pond in rainy weather. Down he scrambled—it was almost perpendicular—and he cut his hands and wet all his dress in the descent; but he was well helped by the great boulders obtruding from the gully's bed, and by some scattered alder-trees and willows which grew there, fed by the moisture of the place. At length he reached the bottom, and carefully noting the spot that he might know it again, he ran across the glen, guided by the Columnal Rock, behind which he expected to find a cave or chamber. And it was as he anticipated. In a deep but narrow recess in the side of the rock was a bed of straw, on which two men lay sleeping. Instantly they sprang to their feet; the gentleman drew a rapier from a sword cane, his servant presented a pistol; but Leighton cried—

"I am a friend! be not alarmed. I am come to save you."

Then, in a few brief words he narrated what he had heard and seen at Sir John's; and his reasons for believing that the Government had sent out this force to apprehend some one whom they considered as a defaulter. The gentleman, who was a swarthy, handsome young man, with a foreign manner, then said—

"I am free to acknowledge that I have rendered myself amenable to justice. I am a friend of Mr. Robert Emmet's, now in gaol on a charge of high treason. I was with him on the night when he attempted to storm the Castle of Dublin. Before I had struck a blow, a dragoon rode at me, and cut me down. They thought me dead, for I had fainted from loss of blood; but this faithful fellow, who is my foster-brother, picked me up, and, in the confusion, got me into a street cellar, and when I was a little recovered, brought me down in an old dog-cart to this wild hiding-place, with which we are both acquainted, in the immediate neighbourhood of which I have very dear associations." Here his voice faltered. "Here this good fellow has carefully nursed me."

"Musha, master dear! let alone to talk that way; but let us ask this kind young gentleman how we are to get away, and escape those cruel thieves, the yeomen."

"By immediately quitting the place," said Lighton. "It is now eleven o'clock, and you have a start of four or five hours. But where will you go?"

"To Arklow at once," was the answer: "a fishing yawl is there engaged to take me off to the Isle of Man. But how to get there? I am still too weak to walk so far."

Lighton answered, "My horse is tethered in a blacksmith's shed, called Cassidy, near Mr. Allington's, whose guest I am. I observed a two-wheeled carriage there, which we will borrow."

"Sure, he's my brother!" said the peasant—"John Cassidy, the same smith."

"That's good!" said Lighton. "Now, sir, are you able to climb the watercourse down which I came?"

"I think I could: anxiety will lend me strength; let us go. But, ah!" he said, "I have a precious friend, whose visits here have blessed my solitude; what will she say when she finds me flown?"

"You dare not leave any writing behind," said Lighton. "I know your friend, and will engage to see her within twelve hours, and assure her of your safety."

He then rapidly and frankly related how he had accidentally discovered the hiding-place, how he saw Miss Darsie afterwards at the poor man's cottage, and the accident which procured him the honour of her acquaintance. And it was well that the mouth of the cave where they stood was so dark that he could not see the haughty and offended expression which clouded the face of him he spoke to, at his narrative.

The servant had now put up a small bundle of linen, and this being done, they emerged from the gloom of the cavern into the moonlight.

Hurrying now across the glen, they managed to ascend the watercourse, Arthur and the peasant giving good help to their companion. Traversing the mountain like hounds, in due time they arrived at the smithy, harnessed Arthur's horse—a good roadster—in the shafts of the dog-cart, and were soon trotting, at the rate of eight miles an hour, towards Arklow.

Here they stopped at a fisher's hut; the servant went in, and immediately returned with three or four rough seamen. And then the stranger, turning to Arthur, thanked him politely, yet proudly, in bidding him adieu, and said—

"May I know the name of my preserver? Mine is Devereux, captain of hussars, in the imperial service of Austria."

Arthur gave him his name simply, and they shook hands and parted; the captain proceeding down to a large, two-masted lugger, which was rocking in the moonlight at the pier; while Arthur drove swiftly back, replaced the dog-cart in the shed, stabled his own horse at the parsonage, then gat him to his bed, with a determination to ride over to General Darsie's in the morning, and break the matter to his daughter; and then, worn out with excitement and fatigue, he fell asleep.

The following morning rose brightly, and, breakfast over, Arthur set out for General Darsie's. After riding a few miles, he came to trees, and a fine old house standing amidst them; and this, a peasant told him, was General Darsie's. But the master was away in Galway, and would not be home for a week. With a flushed cheek, and beating heart, Arthur knocked at the hall door. Miss Darsie was at home. Arthur sent up his card, and the servant ushered him into a handsome library.

Presently the young lady came in, in a charming morning-dress, looking very lovely, and, it must be confessed, a trifle or so demure. She curtsied to Lighton, who apologised for his intrusion, but pleaded that he had a motive. Miss Darsie blushed, and, looking droll and conscious, said—

"I perfectly remember, sir, being indebted to you for the apprehension of my runaway pony."

"My dear lady," said Arthur, with great earnestness, "I am come to tell you of the escape, last night, and perfect safety of Captain Devereux."

In a moment the whole expression of her face altered, and, getting deadly pale, she exclaimed—

"Escape—safety! Oh, for heaven's dear sake, tell me—tell me all!"

She was terribly agitated while Lighton narrated the details to her. She heard him with clasped hands and tearful eyes, inquiring into every particular respecting Devereux, and yet apostrophising Lighton's own conduct in such interjectional phrases as, "How good!" "How kind!" "How noble of you!" which made his heart to beat and bound in his bosom. When he had finished, she lifted her eyes to heaven, and said, "I thank thee, O God." Then pausing, she exclaimed, "Oh, my beloved Henry!" Then turning to Arthur, she said, "And are you sure, sir, that Captain Devereux has escaped *quite* safely?"

Arthur told her that the wind had been blowing gently all the morning and the past night off the land, and that there could be no doubt of his safety. She became composed, and for the first time asked him to sit down. "I feel I ought to know you, for my father says he was intimate with an officer of your name, who served on his staff at Corfu. Was not the late Colonel Lighton, of the Fusileers, a near kinsman of yours?"

"He was my father," said Arthur.

She answered, "So the general deemed, and he was to have called on you this very day, but for a summons to the West of Ireland. But tell me," she said, "how did you first discover my friend and his hiding-place?"

Arthur told her the whole story.

"Have you mentioned the matter to others?"

Arthur said, "To no one."

"That was wise," she said; adding, demurely,

"and, sir, did you see *me* in the glen?"

"Certainly, twice," said Arthur; "and I went

every day, in the hope of seeing you again and again."

She looked grave, and then said, "I must now write to my father. I cannot explain things to you in detail until I have his permission. And perhaps it is better for you not to know more of the matter than you do, in case of your being questioned by the authorities. I can only say that Captain Devereux was drawn into the late unhappy rebellion through generous but, I think, mistaken feelings; that he is well known to us, and is—is — In fact," she said, "we take the deepest interest in his safety."

There was a pause, when she suddenly said, "Do you not think that Sir John and the searching party will visit here to-day? So I shall drive over to Castle Howard, and spend the whole day there, to avoid them; and in ordering my carriage I shall also order your horse. Pardon my inhospitality, but the occasion warrants the rudeness. And now farewell. I shall ride over and see Mrs. Allington in a day or two. Good-bye, and thank you a thousand and a thousand times for your generous conduct to an unfortunate man."

She gave him both her little hands, accompanied by such a modest blush, and such a kind, shy look, that he went home more fascinated and enslaved than ever.

Yet, was there not death to his hopes in her fervent apostrophising of Devereux, and calling him her "beloved Henry?" "Surely she is his affianced bride. Alas, alas! if so, then I am undone. And such a man, too! so proud, and stern, and ill-tempered looking, to mate with such an angel of goodness and sweetness!" And then his mind was tossed on the conflicting waves of diverse passions, yet over all shone the steady light of hope, like sunshine on an angry sea.

In two days after, according to promise, the fair vision dawned on the solitary parsonage. She sat an hour with the old couple, and charmed them by her vivacity and good sense. When Miss Darsie rose to take leave, Arthur asked permission to ride home with her, to which she consented, she said, laughingly, for two reasons—"First, my mare is very fresh and skittish to-day, and may require a strong hand by her rein; and, secondly, I know, by experience, what an accomplished cavalier you are in the recovery of a runaway steed."

On leaving the avenue she became very serious, and told him that the Government party had called at her house in the evening, after having been all day in the mountains, "but I was not home till long after they had left." She questioned Arthur, in rather a demure fashion, as to the reasons of his daily visits to his observatory, as she called it. "Was it not very idle of you? Have you no occupation in life—nothing to do for yourself and others? I cannot understand a young man,

educated as you have been, misusing his time so entirely."

"I could not help it," answered Arthur. "I was drawn irresistibly to the spot by the power of a mastering feeling—feeling do I say? nay, the phrase is too cold—a passion which——." But here Miss Darsie's mare taking offence at some of her rider's manipulation, commenced to plunge violently, but was soon reduced to order by the young lady's horsemanship, the effort to do so leaving her very rosy.

They walked their horses, and the conversation became personal and interesting. She had that rare gift of sympathy which steps beyond the stiff lines of self and egotism, and expatiates in kindliness for the welfare of others; and this charming attribute is very peculiar to high-bred Irishwomen. So she asked Arthur of his youth, and life, and pursuits, and he candidly answered her, and did not conceal his indolence.

"Nay," she said, "you showed nothing of this in your rapid energy, when you saved my—saved Captain Devereux and poor Cassidy. It was a nobly-wrought out endeavour—the feat of a hero."

"But," said Arthur, "I was excited then, and influenced by the same powerful and mastering—"

"Oh," said the young lady, "you must not talk metaphysics, I do not understand them; but it strikes me that with such a stock of energy within you, you should call upon it to act with and influence your whole life and daily walk, and not reserve it only for special occasions, as you seem to have done. No man should live for himself, but in a sustained and active beneficence for his fellow-creatures. God has given you youth, health, and, you tell me, very easy means. Bring your energy to work upon and co-operate with these excellent gifts, these talents to be used for your Lord, and in his dear service. This is the way to please God, and to manufacture happiness for yourself. You tell me you have lived in dreams: thus have you made the precious morning of your life unreal. You have been longing for some far-off ideal, and, like one of your namesake King Arthur's knights, you have ridden all over the regions of your imagination in search of the Sangreal; and you never will find it, for 'tis not on earth, or of the earth, and can only be found in His presence, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore."

She had spoken so earnestly, that her cheek and eye had both put on an incomparable brilliancy; then, in a lower tone, she added, "Pray pardon me for lecturing you, who know so much more than I do."

"It is heavenly teaching," said Arthur, with fervour: "I can never forget it. Oh, may I profit by such instruction; so good, so wise, so kindly



meant, and, believe me, so gratefully taken; and may I awake to see my duties, and have strength given me to carry them out in action. But, dear Miss Darsie," continued he, "I have discovered the Sangreal—I have found, at last, the ideal which my heart has been panting after for many a year—yes, something far beyond——"

He was going on in this impassioned strain, when she interrupted him. "Nay, nay; you are going back to your feelings again, in place of keeping to realities. I doubt if your reformation be sincere, and fear I shall lose what I considered a very hopeful convert. But come," she said, "here is a strip of soft greensward. Oh! only our dear country can spread such emerald roadside carpets for her children to sport on. This strip is two miles long, and my mare, Miss Beauty—and oh, Mr. Lighton, is she not a beauty?—always expects a gallop here; and she must have it, too," said the young lady, gathering her reins together, and sitting back on her saddle; and in a few seconds both horses were in all the excitement and the rush of *une grande gallope*.

When they pulled up, Miss Darsie kept the conversation alive chiefly on indifferent matters; but when, at parting, she gave her hand to Arthur, their eyes met, and there was in hers the same soft, shy, kind glance he had seen before; and the poor youth rode home full of hope, which would not be kept down, save when the idea of the "beloved Henry" floated like a dark shadow over his mind, and then he was miserable.

When two young people are near each other, and have means of locomotion, in the country, and enjoy each other's society, they are generally much together. And so it was that Arthur and Miss Darsie generally contrived to meet and have a ride every day. Now it was a race on the sea-beach—now, it was a grave, long walking of their horses along the road, when his gentle companion taught Arthur and counselled him, and all for his good. And she took him to visit the poor and the sick, till his hand and heart were opened in a new-born expanse of charity. And good, and pure, and true woman as she was, she made use of the great influence which she had gained over his mind, not in playing with his affections, not in deepening his passion, not in rendering herself more dear, or more attractive to him—but in leading his soul to his Saviour, and making him appetent of the great things of the other world, and which pertained so deeply to his peace.

During all these interviews, Arthur had abstained from offering her his love. He saw that she shrank from his explicit avowals; and the remembrance of the "beloved Henry" haunted him still, and damped his hope. On the day previous to the arrival of the general, they had a long ride together. On coming through a field, Miss Darsie

and Miss Beauty accomplished a flying leap together over a small thorn hedge, at which Arthur expressed great admiration; when she suddenly said, "Oh, if you had only seen dear Henry on horse-back, you would think but little of me."

Had she struck her companion over the face, he could not have got paler or been more stunned.

"But, surely, Miss Darsie," he stammered out, "you could not institute a comparison between the person you call Henry and yourself?"

"Why not?" said she; "unless that Henry is very much nicer than I am."

"Oh, Miss Darsie, how can you say that a man like Captain Devereux is nicer than you?"

"Captain Devereux! A man! What do you mean? Captain Devereux's name is Ferdinand, and Henry is his wife, and my dear and most beloved sister. Oh, I see it all now," she cried, becoming very red, and the next minute breaking into a smile: "a most absurd mistake. Oh, I should have told you all, and what must you have thought of me? My sister's name is Henrietta, but my dear father wished her to be called Henry, after the only son he ever had, who died young. My sister is living in Dresden, where Ferdinand met some of these Irish patriots, and in an evil hour embarked in their cause. He is my father's nephew, and was born in our house, though educated abroad, where he picked up his revolutionary ideas, of which dear Henry"—(Arthur heard these words with great satisfaction now)—"writes me word that he is radically cured. He has a high and proud temper, but his wife possesses a wonderfully strong mind, and manages him completely, and they are greatly attached to each other, and perfectly happy."

To say that Arthur had listened with feelings little short of rapture to this explanation would scarcely express his joy. "His bosom's lord now sat lightly on its throne;" yet it was not until a month afterwards, when the general having returned, and had learned to like and to love his old friend's son, and to look upon his unconcealed affection for his daughter with complacency and approval, that Arthur and Mary having had a walk together, and the latter complaining of fatigue, he led her into a little old-fashioned dining-room, full of music, china, books, and flowers, and sitting down next her, he poured a stream of his heart's true love into her ear, and asked her if she would be his guide, and his own sweet wife through life.

She sat quietly, the long silken lashes shadowing the bright shy eyes; but her little hand was nestling in his broad palm, as if asking to be caressed. There was a rising blush on her cheek, and a smile stealing to her lips, when, lifting her eyes, full of the light of innocence and unutterable love, she laid her gentle face against his shoulder, and murmured, "Yes! oh yes! and for ever, my beloved Arthur."

## A WORD UPON REFINEMENT.

BY THE REV. W. M. STATHAM.

**R**OUGHNESS and sincerity are often supposed to go hand-in-hand. We often hear it said, "Friend B. has a very rough exterior; but oh, man! he has a good heart; he is none of your venerated characters—all plinth and polish. You mustn't mind his manner, you must remember he's a rough one, but a real one. Now it is substantially implied in all this that refinement and thorough-hearted honesty have not the close connection which is thus supposed to subsist between a rough manner and a good heart. I venture to protest against the conclusion. "Be courteous" is a maxim of Holy Writ; and refinement and courtesy have a very close alliance indeed.

The beautifully finished statue is preferable in sculpture to the one rough-hewn from the block. How many exquisitely fine touches have been given to that masterpiece by the chisel of the sculptor—it has been *fined and refined*. So may character be, until there is a sensitiveness of feeling, a delicacy of manner, and a purity of taste which, if not virtues in themselves, constitute a very beautiful setting for the best character you can find. It is pleasant enough to read Boswell's "Life of Johnson;" but it detracts from the interest you feel in the hero of the book, when you cannot help feeling he was, in one sense, a great bear. It is doubtless inspiring to read the orations of O'Connell; but you would like them none the less if he were not so rough a man. It may be said such men are wanted in great and momentous epochs. Tell me, then, was not the great Luther a most tender man? as we read his letters, do we not feel in the best sense the presence of an almost womanly delicacy of feeling and tenderness of heart? It is not necessary that refinement should always wear kid gloves, or walk in polished leather boots; but it is necessary that there should be a gentle heart and a gracious manner.

Many men pride themselves on freedom from what they deem the weaknesses of their brethren in the world; and a pretty "out" they make of it themselves. Oh! it is like wearing boots that terribly pinch your corns, to travel with them, or to stay with them! They will talk very loudly of their own rude health in the presence of a delicate invalid; and of their own wealth in the presence of misfortune and poverty. If they do not carry herrings in their tail-coat pockets, they do not disdain to enter an omnibus or a railway carriage, smelling of very stale tobacco, and snort and cough in your very face. See them at a dinner-table. Oh, how noisily eloquent they are on some pet topic! They talk across the dishes, and bolt the contents of

their cup and platter, without one trifling attention to the lady by their side. They ask a bereaved child how a dead father is, and, after bringing tears into the little eyes, beg to apologise for forgetting his decease!

But at home is the place to see them to perfection. The thin, delicate wife at the head of the table knows some slight difference between their courtship attention and their married manners. *They* don't want to be bothered with the troubles of the kitchen, or the ailments of the children; they want, after dinner, dessert; and they generally manage to eat it all. Ah! true refinement has in it the essence of unselfishness: it thinks of all the ten thousand petty troubles which human hearts on every side have to bear; and is always ready with a kind look or word to cheer, and most assiduous to take thorns out of the pilgrim path of others.

There is a refinement in dress which you cannot mistake. It is absurd to suppose that there is any necessary connection between slovenliness and scholarship; neatness and elegance are not alien to knowledge and wisdom. What a difference you mark at once between horse-shoe pins, vivid ties, and "loud" apparel, when contrasted with the quiet garb of an educated gentleman. Ladies, too, need never be afraid that those beneath them can compete with them by buying in the same market with themselves. A refined taste has a market and a make-up of its own. Go where you will, you cannot mistake a lady. Shakespeare is right—"The apparel yet proclaims the man;" and, we may add, the woman too.

There is a refinement in speech. Slang is not admitted into the vocabulary of a gentleman; it invariably bespeaks the snob. Oh, it is so expressive, so pungent, so "*ad rem*!" Very likely; but allow me to add, it is always unutterably ugly.

True, indeed, we do not speak in "Latinisms" now. The language of the "Rambler," and the "Adventurer," is not the vernacular of literature in the nineteenth century; but for all that, we have a purer Saxon, into the circle of which a gentleman will not consent to admit any of the rowdiness of slang speech.

There is a refinement in manner. "Ah!" says my critical friend, "Frenchified, I suppose? I prefer plain John Bull to the polish of monsieur, any day." Do you? If you have ever travelled in France, ever visited Paris, ever journeyed by its railways or its diligences, you will never forget the delicate attentions and the courteous manners of the French. You may not, indeed, like the character beneath so well as plain John Bull's; but I am much mistaken if you would not like to have the two cakes—of

English heartiness and French courteousness as well. There is an unmistakable something in a refined manner, which, in the short companionship of travel, any railway journey, or hotel evening, will reveal to you in a moment. Like the delicate touches in a work of art, they are but finishing strokes, and cost the artist little; so the trifling actions of true refinement beautify the character, and bless those who for some brief time are thrown into connection with them.

There is a refinement in taste. You may mark this very perceptibly indeed in a house. One glance round a room will tell you whether there is education in the heads thereof. Some abodes are very extravagantly and expensively furnished; you feel quite sure that no money has been spared. Carpets, curtains, chandeliers, all tell the tale of a very lavish expenditure; but probably, if you were to become inmate of the house, you would have to bowl the whole lot off in the broker's cart, and begin again, perchance with simpler materials, but with a cultivated taste.

There is a refinement in religion. Rough manners and slang phraseology are not to be sanctioned as having any particular stamp of special originality and propriety in them. A pun to be laughed at is simply detestable in the sanctuary we pray in. Those addresses delivered to the masses of our countrymen, in which much that is grotesque and even ludicrous occur, are simply pandering to a popular craving for excitement at any price. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that the poor or ignorant, as a class, dislike refinement. I am reminded of what a missionary from Jamaica told me concerning a preacher who used anecdotes and modes of speech which he thought were adapted to the understanding of his audience; but, to his surprise, a native said, at the close of the service, "Minister musn't come down to we, but must lift we up to he"—a lesson that need not be lost on any who suppose it is necessary to come down to a level with the poor. I am quite aware that there is a "pseudo-refinement," as might, indeed, have been expected. There is "false hair," "false teeth," and there are false et ceteras of every kind. So a false refinement may exist. But then it carries with it its own condemnation. It lies;

it is affected: it is so "out of a handbox" in its dress, that you know it at once. False bank-notes do not make us prize the less the excellent Bank of England ones, with their delicate paper; and we will not deery refinement, because some amongst us have mincing manners, and can say what our popular novelist calls, "Papa, potatoes, prunes, and prisms," in the most perfect way.

Above all, Christianity, in the highest degree, refines the character and conduct, leading us, as it does, to set our affections on things above; teaching us, as it does, to be tenderly considerate of the fatherless and widows in their affliction; uniting us, as it does, by faith, to the Redeemer, so that we have "the mind of Christ;" sanctifying us, as it does, by the Holy Spirit, so that we bring forth the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy and peace. We have thus, through the Gospel, the surest guarantees of purity within. The truly Christian man has experienced that great and vital change which, whilst it renews the heart, refines the intellect, and makes us what the great apostle would ever have us be—both "pitiful and courteous."

In conclusion, let me put in the reminder, that refinement of all kinds is a thing both of nature and of growth. Thankful ought those to be who have not been permitted to run to weeds in childhood; and let parents rest well assured that the trouble of having children under their own eye will be amply repaid in having them, in later days, after their own mind. And of one thing I am sure—refinement need never be the prerogative only of the few, or the appanage only of the rich: it becomes a peasant quite as well as it does a peer; and under many an humble roof, in hamlet and in village, you will find manners as gentle and tastes as pure as in the circle of nobility, or at the table of wealth. Unpleasant indeed it is, if only for a moment, to turn to the other side of the subject; but how often, when walking with a lady, some rough-mannered man has taken the wrong side, and kept it. You have had your attention, for a moment or two afterwards, perhaps, turned to the stars, and, amidst other exclamations familiar to your ears, you have heard one which, only in name, recalled the character you had just passed in the street—"Look, my dear! there's the GREAT BEAR."

## THE AGED.



H, pass ye by the aged  
 With gentle step and slow;  
 They have the burden of years to bear,  
 And the tide of their life is low.  
 Speak kindly as ye greet them,  
 For their world is dim and cold;  
 And a beaming look from a youthful heart  
 Is the sunlight of the old.

And commune with the aged,  
 Ask them of days gone by;  
 Ye know not what a store they have  
 Of hoarded memory—  
 Of hopes that like the rainbow, shone  
 Only to fade in tears;  
 And love and sorrow, change and death,  
 Bind their long scroll of years.

The past, unto the aged  
Is as a caverned mine,  
Where gems of thought, 'mid the dust of years,  
In their own rich darkness shine.  
And gaze ye on their furrowed brow,  
Where beauty lingers yet—  
A ray to tell of the bright day gone,  
Though the joy of that life hath set.

And pray ye for the aged;  
With tottering steps they stand  
Upon the very borders  
Of Canaan's blessed land:  
Ask for them strength in weakness,  
And faith's supporting rod;  
And through death's cold, dark waters  
The strong right hand of God. D. L.

### GOD'S MISTAKES.



HE God revealed in the Bible is the Lord who made heaven and earth, and it is a good thing to search into his works. The legitimate result of a proper study of Nature is to increase our humility and reverence. The greatest minds have been the least boastful, and have described themselves as in a forest, where the felling of a circle of trees did but make visible a wider circle of those still standing; or as toying with shells on the shore, while the ocean lay before them all unexplored. The mightiest intellects feel the necessity of resting on the All-mighty: the foremost lights of science are childlike in their spirit.

But sometimes men have been lifted up by their knowledge, and from their acquaintance with the universe have thought themselves entitled to suggest improvements. *This* thing that God has done is a blunder, and *that* work of his hands they see no purpose in. They grope, because they are in the dark; they misapprehend and misname, when they should be waiting or working for more light. A few examples of rash fault-finding, with the answers given to them by men who knew as much of Nature as the objectors—in many cases more—may serve to make us cautious of questioning God's doings when we are acquainted with only parts of his ways.

When Alfonso, Prince of Castile, said, concerning the Ptolemaic system of astronomy—"Had I been of the privy council of the Deity, I could have advised the formation of the universe on a better plan," the words were either very irreverent, or they simply showed the firmness of his conviction that the received theory of the heavens was false. But if men fix their attention on some indisputable fact in Nature, and assert that it is an awkward effort of a "prentice hand," and not of the perfect character they themselves could advise, there is scarcely opportunity left us to put a charitable construction on their words. Probably there have always been such men, who believed not only that wisdom would die with them, but that *its* birth and theirs were simultaneous, their very Creator being a degree less clever than themselves. They are

clay, but they ask the potter, "Why hast thou made me thus, and why are things around me not constituted on a better plan? In Galileo's day the foolish arrogance of such talkers was rebuked by him as follows: "How great and common an error appears to me the mistake of those who persist in making their knowledge and apprehension the measure of the apprehension and knowledge of God; as if that alone were perfect, which they understand to be so. . . . If one of our most celebrated architects had had to distribute the vast multitude of fixed stars through the great vault of heaven, I believe he would have disposed them with beautiful arrangements of squares, hexagons, and octagons; he would have dispersed the larger ones among the middle-sized and the less, so as to correspond exactly with each other; and then he would think he had contrived admirable proportions; but God, on the contrary, has shaken them out from his hand as if by chance, and we, forsooth, must think that he has scattered them up yonder without any regularity, symmetry or elegance."

Objections to God's works and ways betoken generally so much of an unbelieving and rebellious temper, that Durham expresses his surprise at finding them in the writings of Bishop Burnet, who seems, he says, to have a just opinion of God and a due veneration for him. The ingenious work of Burnet—his "Sacred Theory of the Earth"—is quite a romance of geology, and the imagination is very largely drawn upon where all should be founded on well-ascertained fact. Concerning the earth he declares that, in its present form, there is no architecture, nor any structure more than in a ruin; while as to the ocean, as there appears nothing of order or design in its parts, it seems reasonable to believe that it was not the work of Nature according to her first intention, or according to the first model that was drawn in measure and proportion, by the line and by the plummet, but a secondary work, and the best that could be made of broken materials. If the sea, he says, had been drawn round the earth in regular figures, it might have been a great beauty to our globe, and we should reasonably have con-





"And a beaming look from a youthful heart  
Is the sunlight of the old."—p. 183.

cluded it a work of the first creation, or of Nature's first production; but finding, on the contrary, all the marks of disorder and disproportion in it, we may as reasonably conclude that it did not belong to the first order of things; but was something succedaneous, when the degeneracy of mankind and the judgments of God had destroyed the first world, and subjected the creation to some kind of vanity.—How well does this illustrate Galileo's remarks concerning the architects and the stars!

Burnet was far from being alone in such views. Those men must have been of similar mind who raised a cry against Galileo's discovery of mountains in the moon. They thought the moon ought to be quite smooth in order to be perfect, and they charged Galileo with taking delight in ruining the fairest works of Nature. The answer given to them by the celebrated Tuscan is equally applicable to the case before us. The earth, he insisted, is all the more perfect and better fitted to live in through its being rough with mountains, plains, and rivers; and if it were smooth, what else would it be, he asks, but a vast unblest desert, void of animals, of plants, of cities and of men, the abode of silence and inaction, senseless, lifeless, soulless, and stripped of all those ornaments which make it now so various and so beautiful?

Some objectors demanded to be shown the wisdom of making so large a surface of sea, when the land, according to their view, would have been far more serviceable to man. Might not, at least, half the sea have been spared and added to the land, for the maintenance of men, who by the continued striving and fighting to enlarge their bounds, seem to be straitened for want of room? This, as most other of the atheist's arguments, says Mr. Keill, in his "Examination of Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth," proceeds from a deep ignorance of natural philosophy: for, if there were but half the sea that now is, there would be also but half the quantity of vapours; and consequently we could have but half so many rivers as now there are, to supply all the dry land we have at present and half as much more: for the quantity of vapours which are raised bears a proportion to the surface whence they are raised, as well as to the heat which raised them. The wise Creator, therefore, did so prudently order it that the sea should be large enough to supply vapours sufficient for all the land, which it would not do if it were less than now it is.

While the arrangements of heaven, earth, and sea have thus been quarrelled with, other departments of God's works have not escaped. More especially has the animal world afforded instances of the Maker's apparent want of skill, and called forth suggestions from the wise. The sloth has been singled out as being peculiarly hard dealt with; but when we take into account that it is intended to live, not on the ground, but in trees,

and not on the branches, like the monkey, but under them, its structure is seen to be completely adapted to its mode of life. Buffon, making the mistake of comparing the mode of life of the lower animals with the state of man in society, speaks of the unsuitableness of their organs and the derangement of their instincts. But a bird is not to be accounted gloomy and apathetic, because it refuses to be domesticated and crammed with meat. Its Maker gave it other instincts, and meant it to enjoy life in an entirely different way. The bird of prey watches long for its food; but when the French naturalist characterises this as a lively picture of wretchedness, anxiety, and indigence, he sympathises too closely, and regards the bird from too human a point of view.

It is remarkable that the serpent should have rudiments of legs, and the whalebone whale rudiments of teeth, which are never destined to come to perfection. Something is made of the fact in most theories of development; but while we are not able, in the present state of our knowledge, to point out the design and purpose of such structures, we must remember that there may be most wisdom where it is least apparent. It is always an agreeable discovery, says Paley, when, having remarked in an animal an extraordinary structure, we come at length to find out an unexpected use for it; and he gives the following instance:—A species of wild boar found in the East Indies has two *bent* teeth, more than half a yard long, growing upwards, and (which is the singularity) from the upper jaw. These instruments are not wanted for offence, that service being provided for by two tusks issuing from the upper jaw, and resembling those of the common boar: nor does the animal use them for defence. They might seem, therefore, to be both a superfluity and an incumbrance. But observe the event: the animal sleeps standing, and, in order to support its head, hooks its upper tusks upon the branches of trees.

The body of man would supply us with fresh instances of wisdom underlying apparent carelessness or inefficiency. He is born naked, but it is that he may adapt his own clothing to varying temperatures, and so be fitted to dwell on all the face of the earth. He has no natural means of defence, but he has hands that enable him to make all the weapons he requires. The muscles of his limbs are levers acting at a mechanical disadvantage, but it is the best structure for moving light weights rapidly through considerable spaces, which is what man needs to do far oftener than he needs to move huge masses.

But may we not gather a deeper lesson? The physical world images the moral, and the apparent blunders of the one have their correspondences in the higher sphere; the difficulties of both arising from our own imperfect knowledge. Man and his


destiny are a mystery to the thoughtful; science—one of the handmaids of religion—seems sometimes fast to contradict the voice of her mistress.

Millions of men have never heard the Gospel story, and yet there is salvation through no other than Jesus Christ. Peace and goodwill between people and people are what good men long have prayed for; but Providence has not yet put an end to war. All things are to work together for our good; but our battle of life is hard, and whatever we put our hands to turns against us. Sincere seekers after God are left in doubt and darkness, for he hides himself in a thick cloud, and his ways are past finding out. We are apt to imagine that better arrangements might prevail—that light

might be universal, wars unknown, the lines fall in pleasanter places for ourselves, the evidences of religion approach nearer to demonstration. We are ignorant and foolish. In wisdom He hath founded the continents and set the seas their bound that they cannot pass. He hath made man naked and defenceless, but given him a mind to invent and a hand to make. On higher platforms it is still the same: we see but parts of His ways, and we impeach his wisdom; when our vision is purified and enlarged, we shall understand and acquiesce. The Judge of all the earth shall do right. He has given us his Word to guide us; and where we cannot understand we must still trust, "believing where we cannot prove."

## DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

## THE REAL FAIRY.



AY I come in?" cried a pleasant little voice, as a pleasant little face to match peeped in at the door of John Martin's cottage, where Letty Martin sat nursing the baby, and vainly trying to hush him to sleep with "Lullaby, lullaby." "You said 'come in,' didn't you?" and the pleasant little face advanced, as its owner tripped lightly into the room. "Mother said I might come and see whether you had got all ready for to-morrow."

Nelly Brown stopped suddenly, then exclaimed, in surprise, "Why! what's the matter, Letty?"

"I—I—I aint—I can't go to-morrow," she sobbed.

Nelly stood aghast.

"Not go to the school treat!—not go, after all the talk we have had about it, and the plans we've made! Has your mother said you should not?"

"N—o—o," sobbed Letty. "Mother said I might go; but she hasn't been paid for her work, and she can't spare the money to buy me a new frock, and I've nothing fit to go in."

"Nothing! Why, Letty, dear," cried little Nelly—"why, where is your pretty pink muslin frock, and that nice buff delaine?"

"They're no good, Nelly—they're neither of them fit to be seen, and I've taken the ribbon off my bonnet, and mother has not got time to trim it, and—and—I can't go."

At this climax of her woes Letty Martin fairly broke down, and sobbed and cried so loudly that the baby, who had been half asleep, was roused and began to roar in concert.

"Will you let me see your frocks, Letty?" said Nelly, presently, when there was a lull in the uproar on master baby's part.

"If you like," said Letty, disconsolately.

"Let me hold baby while you fetch them."

While Letty was gone for the frocks, Nell walked up and down, with baby in her arms, while she murmured a soft, soothing "Lullaby," and in a very few minutes the baby dropped into a sweet sleep.

"That's it! now for the frocks."

There was a pink muslin very much torn in the skirt, and very much tumbled all over.

Nelly shook her head at this. "It would take too long to mend and iron. But, oh, Letty, what ails this—this is beautiful!"

As she spoke she held up the buff delaine.

"That!" cried Letty; "why I have had it nearly two years, and it is so short; and, besides, see here, this ugly darn just in front."

"I did not see that; but still I am sure it might be made to do capitally. Why, Letty, you have had two new ones since my last, and this delaine is as good or better than mine!"

"You always look so nice—mother says so; but it's no use talking. Oh, Nelly! I wish there would just pop in a good fairy, such as we read of in that Christmas prize you got, and, with a tap of her wand, turn these old things into new. But there are no real fairies," added the little girl, with a sigh.

Nelly shook her head. "I'm not so sure of that," she said, slyly; "I think, now, there is one I know."

"Oh, Nelly! Where is she? what do you mean?"

"I know, but I shall not tell you now. Will you let me do what I please with your dress?"

"Oh, yes, you may do what you like, Nell."

"Give me a needle and cotton, then: and will you please put an iron in the fire, and I will take my stitching into the garden to be out of your way, while you tidy up."

Then Nelly left the house, and ran over to her

mother's cottage, just across the street. She was not long away, and when she came back she went into the front room, where she had carried her work. Presently she called to her little friend—"Letty, come here now."

Letty came in, and Nelly held up the frock on which she had been at work.

"Oh, Nelly dear!—thank you, thank you! Why its beautiful!" However did you make it so nice?"

"Why, I have done nothing but just let down the gathers a bit, and taken out the half-breadth where the hole was, and just smoothed it out!"

"Dear, good Nelly! a hundred thanks."

The morning of the school-treat was lovely; the groups of merry, happy-faced children were crossing the village at all points, betimes, to the school-house, where they were to meet, then walk in procession, with a band of music, to the beautiful gardens which had been thrown open to them for that day by the gentleman to whom they belonged. There was to be an examination, too, and a distribution of prizes; and there were preparations for all kinds of games and feasting on the lawn. Oh! it was a day eagerly looked forward to, and long remembered with delight.

Two little girls were now crossing the green, hand-in-hand.

"I am so glad I am to be there!" said one to her companion. "You should have seen how surprised mother was when I showed her; she said the frock is as good as new. I should *never* have thought of putting the ribbons on my hat instead of the bonnet, if it had not been for you. Oh, I am so happy!—aren't you, Nelly?"

Indeed, Nelly was happy—there was not a happier child in all that merry throng—though she did not gain the first prize, though her well-kept dress had many a darn, and her little brown straw hat looked poor by the side of that which she had trimmed for her friend Letty Martin.

The day passed away quickly, as all pleasant days seem to do. It was evening and quite dusk when the children were taking their way homeward, tired out with all the gaiety they had enjoyed, yet with happy and grateful hearts.

"Oh!" said Letty to her friend as they were returning, "I was nearly forgetting what I have been wanting to ask you all day. What *did* you mean, Nelly, when you said yesterday that there was a real fairy, and that you knew her? Do tell me—there is not, is there, now?"

"Yes," replied Nelly, laughing. "It is the only fairy I know."

"But where? where can I see her?"

"Well, she helped you yesterday with your dress that you thought was too bad—you wouldn't have been to the treat without her, Letty. I call her a *real* fairy when you're in trouble, and her name is, *Making the Best of It*."

## SHOEBLACK JOHN.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.



ITTY men are walking fast,  
Lazy people hast'ning past,  
Cries the shoeblack, eyeing slush,  
"Let me give your boots a brush!"  
Shrill the shoeblack shouts and hoots,  
"Clean your boots, sir? clean your boots?"

Whistling off, the time he knocks  
With his brushes on his box;  
And it sounds like "rub a dub,  
Let me give your boots a rub!"  
Shrill the shoeblack shouts and hoots,  
"Clean your boots, sir? clean your boots?"

When he has your boots to clean,  
Swift he works with ardour keen;  
And he shows that merry John  
Puts a brilliant polish on.  
Shrill the shoeblack shouts and hoots,  
"Clean your boots, sir? clean your boots?"

Early morn till early night,  
Johnny works with all his might;  
Then he washes clean and cool,  
And he hastens off to school:  
Then no more he shouts and hoots,  
"Clean your boots, sir? clean your boots?"

After working hard all day,  
Your school labour is *his* play;  
And how eagerly he learns  
"Reading, writing, sums" by turns!  
And in bed he dreams he hoots,  
"Clean your boots, sir? clean your boots?"

That bright medal on his breast,  
His good conduct can attest;  
For he feels, does shoeblack John,  
His great Master's looking on,  
Ever as he shouts and hoots,  
"Clean your boots, sir? clean your boots?"

我.

## ANSWER TO SCRIPTURAL ACROSTIC.—No. 2.

"Caleb."—Numb. xxxii. 12.

- |                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1. C herith ..... | 1 Kings xvii. 5, 6. |
| 2. A dmah .....   | Gen. x. 19.         |
| 3. L ystra .....  | Acts xiv. 8.        |
| 4. E lymas .....  | Acts xiii. 8, 11.   |
| 5. B arzilai..... | 2 Sam. xvii. 27.    |



## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## PITFALLS.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft—familiar with her face—  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."



SUDDEN shock acts by intimacies, like fire on some materials—it either divides, or more firmly welds them together. The tidings that had stricken Miss Austwicke, and which had so immediately called Marian Hope's qualities as comforter into exercise, did more towards breaking down the barriers of reserve than months of mere conventional attendance on the one side, and patronage on the other. The touch of Marian's gentle hand, the soft utterances of her quiet voice, the unobtrusive manners that anticipated Miss Austwicke's wants, and met them without fuss or demonstration, the light footstep falling so mutely that she might have been the embodiment of silence—were all qualities that contrasted with the flutter and officiousness of Martin and the natural grief of Gertrude, and made their possessor the most efficient person at Miss Austwicke's couch; so that when she offered to withdraw, there was a plea both from aunt and niece that she should remain a few hours with them. And so it happened that this first visit of Marian's established her on a friendly footing in a dwelling that she had entered as a stranger that morning.

It was evening when she was sent home in a cab to her father's, with the understanding that she was to come the next day, and, indeed, to consider herself from that time regularly installed in her office not only with Gertrude, but, as it seemed likely, also as companion and household friend in the family generally. Even Martin, who was jealous of any new faces that came about her mistress, was so far propitiated by Miss Hope, that she condescended to say to her intimates below-stairs, "If that pale young creetur have agreed to make herself generally useful, as many teachers does, all I can say is, she'll be able to hact up to them terms; and that's more than a many can say—for it's generally useless, as all they are, which professes so much in advertisements; and if this here Miss Hope helps to keep Miss Honor in a good cue, and, gracious knows, that's not easy—specially since she've lost her brother, the capting—why all I say is, good luck to her, says I."

The few following days confirmed the worst tidings in all particulars. Mr. Basil Austwicke went down to Deal, hoping for at least the recovery of the body, and was summoned thence, in about a fortnight, to the coast of France, between Calais and Dunkirk, to help to identify, among some bodies washed on shore, that of his nephew, De Lacy Austwicke. The brother of Professor Rath met him there, and gave his assistance in the mournful task of recognition—which, as the accident happened in the night, when the passengers were undressed and

sleeping in their berths, was very difficult in all cases except that of the professor, who it seemed went to rest in a dressing-gown with a deep pocket filled with papers and memoranda in his handwriting, and full of notes on subjects connected with physical geography—a topic that was a speciality with him. Nor was there any doubt as to a tall, slender frame, much disfigured, but on one of the hands of which was a diamond ring, known to belong to the unfortunate De Lacy; and tied with a thin string round the neck was a picture of the mother he had lost in infancy. Professor Rath's brother identified both these bodies; and Mr. Basil Austwicke took possession of the body of his nephew, and brought it to England for interment in the family vault, that had only a few months before received the remains of Captain Austwicke.

But though the young De Lacy was even less known in the neighbourhood than his late uncle, it behoved the family, at least so the successor to the estates thought, to have a splendid funeral; and therefore, though the ladies remained in town in strict retirement, Mr. Basil and his son Allan issued invitations to all the neighbourhood and tenantry; and the poor youth who had come to so sad a death was carried in great pomp to the vault in Wicke church, his uncle and successor remarking to his son Allan, "It is all we can do to show our respect for the poor fellow, and to honour his memory; and therefore no expense shall be spared."

Certain it was, also, that from old Gubbins, the butler, to the most prosperous and influential of the tenant farmers on the estate, there was, amid the natural regret at such a fate befalling the heir, some feeling of latent satisfaction that the property no longer belonged to a minor; that improvements needed need not be postponed, and that a gentleman of presumable ability—for was he not a lawyer? and would doubtless see to his own interests—inherited the estate. The difference between active administration and a tedious minority, was an obvious good. Neither had it escaped all parties concerned in the estate, and many village and local gossips besides, that a foreign-bred young gentleman might never be very acceptable to them as landlord or neighbour. He would know and care little about the old place and people, they had long argued, and therefore some rustic minds, used to interpret providence in their own interests, were known to say, "It woz all along ov feather and zon a forzakin' the old ways of the Austwicks, and living beyond seas, whereby a judgment had overtook 'em."

While these funeral matters and certain investigation detained Mr. (or as the people at the Chace now called him Squire) Austwicke in Hampshire, and his son Allan stayed with him, well content to gallop about over the grounds, and among the noble woods, and homesteads of the tenantry, making himself popular with them by his frank manners, fearless riding, pleasant words, and handsome person—while father and son were thus

employed, Miss Honoria Austwicke had been passing through a sharp attack of illness. Anxiety of mind and neglected cold, quite as much as the shock to which, of course, her indisposition was attributed, had prostrated her. Mrs. Austwicke was busy receiving and replying to numerous letters of mingled condolence and congratulation, in which the difficult feat of laughing and crying in one sentence was most ingeniously performed. She did not believe in Miss Austwicke's illness, but took it for granted it was a display of grief made expressly to annoy her. However, as there was no question that the death of young De Lacy had been a benefit to his uncle and cousins, Mrs. Basil could afford to be forbearing and sympathetic; and she therefore paid far more personal attention to her sister-in-law than at any previous time. Gertrude, of course, was always affectionate to her; there was something so very mournful in the fate of her cousin, that her grief was the genuine utterance of a young, fresh heart, as yet unsullied by a worldly thought. Allan, too, though a gay, thoughtless fellow, had sent some letters to his sister so full of expressions of generous sorrow, that Gertrude picked out many passages to read to her aunt, and they lost nothing either by her voice in reading or her comments. Allan had always been a favourite with Miss Honora. He had been a scholar at Winchester, and she had loved to predict his future eminence in the profession of his father. So that this English-reared Austwicke had to some extent comforted the proud woman for the disappointment she had suffered in the absence and foreign breeding of the heir. Now, when De Lacy had miserably perished, for some little time after the tidings had reached her, she was too much occupied with physical discomforts to think very clearly of anything but the one terrible fact of the youth's death. She was not accustomed to illness, and she thought herself drifting away on the waves of the dark river. Her depression and languor, the reaction from the tense state to which her nerves had been recently strung, was so complete, that she lay merely conscious of breathing, and being attended to, during the day by her niece and Marian Hope, and during the night by her maid. Gradually, as she regained the power of consecutive thought, there came the remembrance of all that had preceded the incident of De Lacy's death—all that she was so personally involved in. The face of the man Burke haunted her dreams. She woke often trembling till the bed shook under her, and asking with a hurried gasp, "Who is that?" scarcely satisfied with the assurances, repeated again and again, in loving or soothing tones as Gertrude or Marian were the speakers, that no stranger was near.

Her letters she had placed under her pillow, and never was seen by either of her attendants to open them, though they both thought she looked at them when, for a few minutes, they left her chamber. It excited no comment of Gertrude's, that she kept her letters so rigorously, for she knew her aunt's reserve, and with the delicate tact of her fine nature, would not have liked by a word, however kind, to have increased Miss Austwicke's sense of her own weakness by offering to read them for her. Of course, Marian had no remark to make on Miss Austwicke's habits in this particular; though as she

noticed them, she thought of her dear invalid father, and of the confidence so fully reciprocated in their dwelling, and rejoiced more than ever at the perfect love which united their spirits, and had done so much to lighten the burden of life. Indeed, she came to the conclusion that Miss Austwicke would be a much happier woman if she were not so locked up in her reserve.

"She must have very deep feelings under that cold, proud exterior," Marian argued, "or why should she have thus sunk under the tidings of her nephew's death?" Little did she guess what was hidden in that aching heart—what inward sources of trouble kept up the fever that wasted her frame and retarded her recovery.

Miss Austwicke's daily dread was that some letter requiring instant attention would come from Burke. It was this fear that made her clutch the letters that were brought her, and scrutinise the handwriting on each address with her eager, feverish eyes; then thrust them under her pillow, and read them hastily and fearfully during the brief absences of her young companions. It was this fear that made her keep writing materials in a little upright desk that could be wheeled to her bedside, and the flap of which, like a bedside table, turned across, so as to be level with her hands. It was this fear that induced her, in spite of all prohibition, and all weakness, to answer some of the notes that came, so that if one arrived on the topic that she dreaded, and yet anticipated, she might, unquestioned, reply to it. Indeed, now that De Lacy was dead, she shrunk more than ever from the outcast children of her brother Wilfred. To own their claims—to put them in a position so much better filled by her brother Basil and his children—and such children! Allan, a youth to be proud of; Gertrude, a creature so formed for love, that even her isolated heart yielded to the charm, and set up in its solitude the one only darling of a whole lifetime; would be unendurable. To this proud spirit and warped judgment, the claims of these children of a low mother seemed a treason against Allan and Gertrude; to aid them, a conspiracy. And yet in the depths of her soul there was an audible voice that said plainly—try to stifle it as she might—"If these, the rightful heir and his sister, are kept out of their position and inheritance, it is a crime." Yes, Miss Austwicke's pride and irresolution had caused her to drift into crime.

In vain she uttered specious sophisms to silence the monitor within, such as, "They never can miss what they never had. I can help them, and I will do so; and they will gain—that is, they may if they choose—a better station than their most ambitious hopes now point to. Surely that is enough. If De Lacy, poor fellow, had lived, I meant to have done for them as much, or more, than Wilfred could have expected of me. Why should I provide for his penniless, unacknowledged children? I should not and need not have soiled the Austwicke name by giving it to them; but as this death—this awful accident—has come, I'll do more. I'll impoverish myself, if need be, and that's what could never have been expected of me, so as to give a compensation to them. What would they know about an ancient name and station? No, no; what I shall do will be enough—will be right, in fact."

In this way she tried to temporise and compound with conscience. Strangely enough, she still complimented herself as an honourable woman. Yet still the voice said, "They are defrauded; it is crime."

Notwithstanding all this tumult of feeling, a good constitution and good nursing triumphed over the illness. Miss Austwicke rose from her bed more thin, pale, rigid, and stately than ever. She seemed to herself to have fought her battle on the bed of pain, and conquered. No more indecision now. Her course was taken; she was ready to meet Burke's demands about the children liberally.

"Of course," she said to herself, "he knows nothing of my family. He cannot know that my brother Wilfred was older than Basil. To him these family changes will mean just nothing." She was the more assured of this by hearing incidentally from Marian that a school had just been selected for Mysie Grant, where she was to be placed as an artied pupil.

Ah! Miss Austwicke, while you trod a straight path you were safe; in crooked ways you are utterly helpless.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### UNEXPECTEDLY BAFFLED.

"The hawk darted down with sudden swoop,  
But his prey had hid in the eaves of the roof."

MR. BURKE had not been so tranquil, and was by no means so ill informed of the particulars that we have recorded, as Miss Austwicke supposed. His vigilance in observing Binfield Cottage soon made him acquainted with the hours of Marian's absence, and the place where those hours were passed. Moreover, at this time, his ally, or subordinate, Janet—or, as the family called her, Ruth—was at Austwicke Chace, and he had from her due notice of the great change that the death of the heir had created in the family; moreover, he did not neglect his privilege of *entrée* into Mr. Hope's dwelling, in his character of delegate from some relative of the children. He suffered a week to elapse between his first and second visit, being somewhat surprised that on his various tours of inspection, though he saw Mysie walk out occasionally, and Marian go and return regularly, he saw nothing of the boy Norry—now, as no one knew better than he—become an important person. Indeed, the reason that Old Leathery laid quietly for a while on his ears was, that he wanted to observe the current of events, and see what tide would be most likely to carry him on to fortune. A young heir would, probably, as he reached manhood, pay more for any help that reinstated him in his position, than an old woman would to keep him out of his rights. Moreover, there was also the interest of the present possessors to be thought of: whether they, when they had become confirmed in possession, might not be willing to pay handsomely to suppress such evidence as Burke could give. No idea that rectitude of principle in the parties concerned would thwart any of his plans for a moment entered into Burke's calculations. It is the peculiarity of guilt that it is incredulous of goodness. This man, whose master-sin was not so much duplicity as avarice, who

for years had pocketed an income—small indeed, but as large as he could make it—by filtering the stipend paid for the two children through his own purse, and keeping a residue which, to one of his habits, was precious, saw first through Miss Austwicke's pride, and now, by the changes death had wrought, the means of augmenting his gains, and it took him some time to balance probabilities and calculate chances as to his own interests. The slight defect was that, while he was thus employed, and had, as he thought, the whole fairly before him, the principal personage in his little drama had, unknown to him, escaped. By the time that he had come to the conviction that, for the present, he would make as much as he could out of Miss Austwicke, and then, in the event of anything happening to her, would, as he saw best ultimately, gain by helping the real heir to obtain his rights, or the false one to keep his position. Meanwhile it was necessary that he should call again on Mr. Hope. On this occasion he chose noon, the time when Marian, he knew, would be absent. Already his keen eye detected signs of change in the dwelling: a young servant answered the door. He was shown into the little parlour, where the asthmatic piano was wheezing out an exercise, in obedience to Mysie's persevering fingers, and in outrage to her ear. She did not, amid the husky jingle, hear the stealthy tread of the old man as he approached her, and stood behind the music-stool, leering at her. When she was conscious of some one behind her, and rose up in great confusion, certain that her practice, which was to her a duty, must be a torment to any hearer that she would not think of inflicting, she was by no means propitiated by the cringing bow, and the face, squeezed up into something meant for a smile, and the subdued sort of whisper into which the rasping voice fell, as he said—

"Don't, my dear young leddy—pray don't let me interrupt ye. Pray go on with them nimble fingers; I doat on music—perfectly doat on it."

"Our instrument is so out of time—that is, so old, sir, it's not fit to play on to any one. No, pray excuse me. I never play, except my lessons." The latter words she said shrinking from his hand, which he was reaching out to prevent her leaving her seat.

If Mysie had been accustomed to admiration, and fond of it, so as to have become what many girls of fifteen are, conscious of personal advantages, and full of tricks of vanity, it is not likely she would have looked one-half so well as she now did, standing upright, with the radiant blush rising on her cheek, and the light of something vastly like incipient anger gleaming in her eyes. This cringing old man, with his fulsome compliments and fawning whisper, was instinctively offensive to her, and roused the reserve which was a part of her nature, so that, with perfect self-possession, she said—

"You wish to see Mr. Hope? I do not know whether he can see any one. Have the goodness to take a seat while I inquire." And so speaking, she bowed herself out of the room.

Mysie returned, looking pale and grave, her eyelids cast down to hide the gathering tears. She had not at first recognised in the stranger the person who had called before, at nighttime—that very night when Norry fled;



—the man who had to do with the future destiny of her brother and herself. She did not speak, but courtseying, showed him up-stairs to Mr. Hope's study.

The week that had intervened since Burke had seen Mr. Hope had, notwithstanding his anxieties, been one of progress to the invalid: he could move more freely about his little room with the help of his crutch. He was inspired, both by his fears and his hopes, with a strong desire to gain some mastery over his physical weakness, and had, therefore, paid more attention to his diet.

Notwithstanding his weakness, Mr. Hope had neglected no means of making inquiry for Norry. He had sent his description to the police-station, and employed a man to go to all the hospitals and infirmaries, in case of accident, and to such lodging-houses as were under the police surveillance; but, as yet, not a trace had been found. Nay, some inquests had been attended of drowned persons, lest, by misadventure or—he dared not think—suicide, the boy he had reared as a son had thus perished. The only result of all these inquiries was to fill him with astonishment and awe at the number of stray waifs being sought for amid the social drift and *débris* that underlie the surface of mighty London. Still, he was not inclined to doubt of ultimate success. His own theory, and that adopted also by the family, was that the boy had gone to the Docks, and taken service on board ship. For, though by no means a lad mad after maritime adventure, he had been noted for the passionate zest with which he devoured books of travel; and in no other way than as a ship-boy, they concluded, could he remain away. Still, every knock at the door, every caller, was nervously expected by Mr. Hope to be the bearer of tidings; so that when Burke entered the room, there was no feigning in the surprise the former manifested. Forgetting that his visitor knew nothing of Norry's departure, Mr. Hope said, in an agitated, eager voice—

"Well, sir, what tidings do you bring of my boy?"

"Tidings, Mr. Hope—what do you mean?"

"Surely you know—yes, you must have heard, that our poor lad—wilful fellow that he is!—has gone."

"Gone!" repeated Burke, in the loudest tone of his husky voice, and lifting up his hands in an attitude of dismay. There was no doubting the genuineness of his emotion, though Mr. Hope mistook its cause.

"What! then you didn't know it? You do not come to tell me where he is. I'm sorry if it's a shock to you, as I see it is. He's been gone nine days to-night."

"Gone, Mr. Hope! and you ask me whether I know, and pretend you expected me to say where he is. That game won't do for me. How came you to let him go, eh? Come, the truth, now."

The creeping manner and hissing croak of his voice were thrown off, in his surprise, and a coarse bluster, that revealed the savage, baffled ruffian, was displayed, so much to Mr. Hope's astonishment, that for a moment he was silent. Then he said, very gravely, fixing his large, melancholy eyes on his visitor's face—

"I have no wish, and no reason, to withhold the truth. I have made every effort that I could, from this room, to search for him. My daughter has written some dozens of letters. I want the boy—I weary for him."

"Oo, as to feelings, that's neither here nor there, Mr.

Hope," said Burke, considerably modifying his tone. "What I want to know is, how he went, and where; what you have done, and who you have told. I must know it, and where he is."

"I'm glad to think you'll aid my search," said Mr. Hope, instantly repressing the natural anger that he had felt at Burke's rough words. He then entered minutely into all the particulars that he knew of Norry's flight; showed the pencilled letter the youth left, and explained what had been done in searching for him. In the course of his narrative, Mr. Hope incidentally mentioned that his daughter was engaged by a family near Bolgrave Square; and Burke immediately said, insinuatingly—

"And has Miss Hope, then, told of the boy's flight?"

"Certainly not. We are not in the habit of publishing our private affairs."

"Quite right—mere prudence, Mr. Hope; for permit me to suggest that it would not be a recommendation to you, or your daughter, as teachers, that a pupil absconded from your roof. There might be nothing to blame; but people would be sure to think there was: it would either ruin you or the lad."

"For myself I do not care," said Mr. Hope, sadly. "My aim has been to do my duty before God, Mr. Burke, to these children, and to the best of my ability I have done it as to my own. I knew it might injure the lad if this escapade were known; and therefore, so far, my search has been secret."

"And your daughter," interposed Burke, "has not spoken—"

"Miss Hope is as anxious for the lad's welfare as I am. Besides, what does the family she is with know of these orphans?"

"They'll judge of you and her by the way you have succeeded with others, Mr. Hope. I've known folk called a bad set altogether when there's been runnings away, and awkward things of that sort; and as to the lad, why it—yes, it puts him into the criminal class."

"Stop there, sir. He may be ungrateful, but he is as honest and true as daylight. Most likely there is a mistaken sense of duty, taken up in the rashness of youth, that has caused this deed; that's the most reasonable solution. Therefore, next to finding him, the greatest kindness of his friends is not to expose him."

"That's right—that's quite right. And I may tell you, in confidence, Mr. Hope—in strict confidence—that if this escapade was to get to the ears of them who have provided for the lad and his sister, and may do great things—far greater things yet—it's all over with them."

"You tell me in confidence," reiterated Mr. Hope: "allow me to say that, since I last saw you, I have been struck with your want of confidence. You speak of parties in the background. Who are they?"

"Oo, there's nothing to tell—just nothing. If these children were anything to anybody, they would not have been bandied about the world, from Scotland, or from Great Britain, we'll say, to Canada and back, and left here for years. No; I'm only an agent; I've nothing to unfold. My principals are lawyers, and I've many similar things to see to."

(To be continued.)